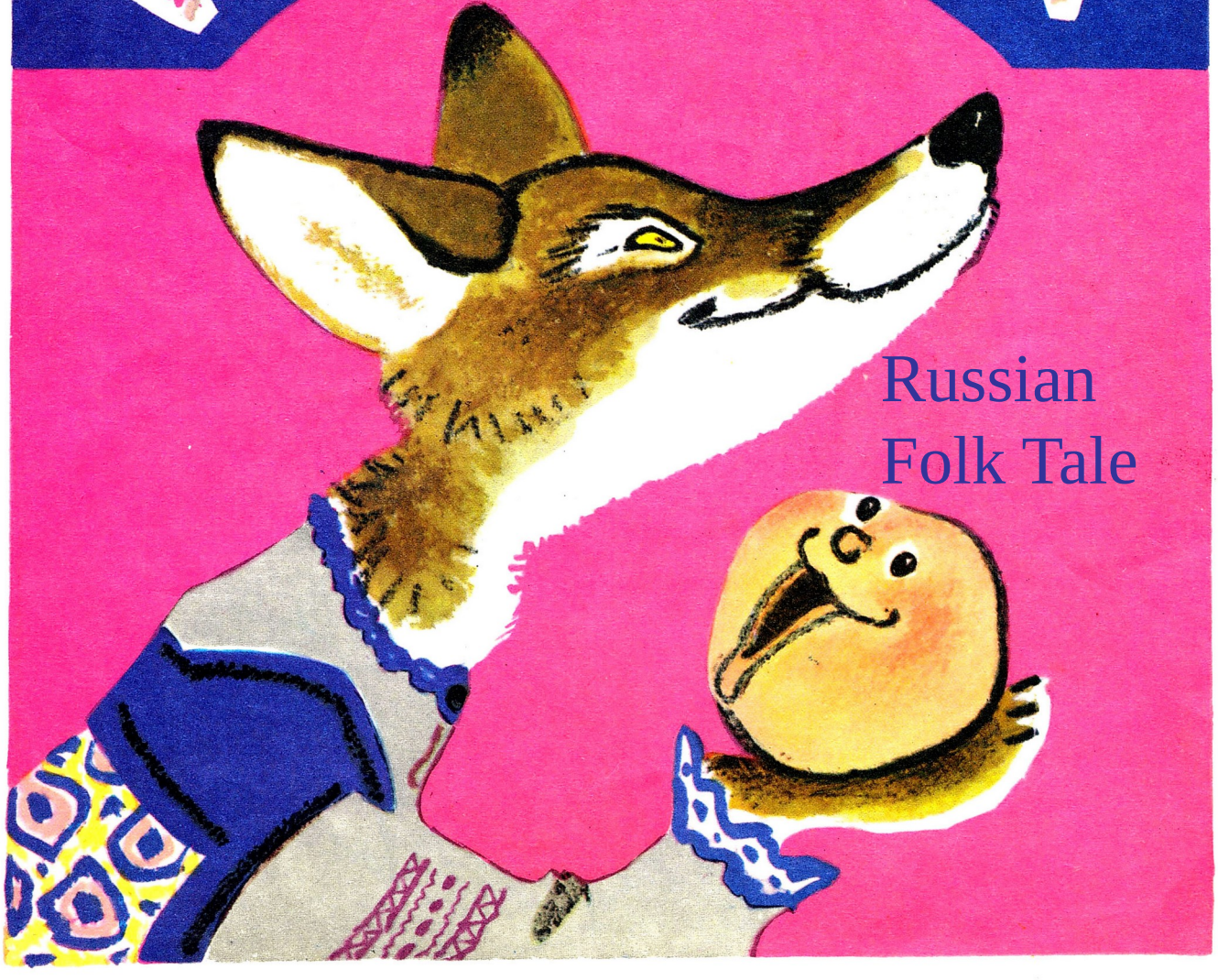
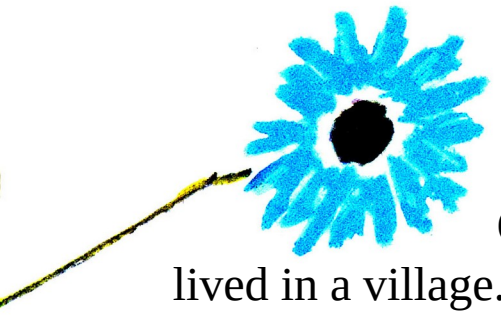
КОЛОБОК

Kolobok



Russian
Folk Tale



Once upon a time an old man and woman lived in a village.

One day the old man said to the old woman:

"Grandmother, go scrape in the flour-tin and sweep in the corn bin, perhaps you will get enough flour to make a Kolobok."

The old woman went off and scraped round the flour-tin and swept the bottom of the corn-bin and she got a couple of handfuls of flour.

She mixed the floor with sour cream and shaped it into a Kolobok – a kind of little round bun. Then she baked it in the oven and left it on the windowsill to cool.

The Kolobok lay there for a good while then suddenly it got up and rolled. It rolled from the sill to the bench, from the bench to the floor, across the floor to the door. It hopped over the threshold and into the hall. From the hall it rolled onto the porch, from the porch into the garden and from the garden out through the gate. Further and further it went…

The Kolobok rolled down the road until it met a Rabbit. "Ah, Kolobok, Kolobok, I'll eat you now." "Don't eat me, Rabbit. I'll sing you a song:
I'm Kolobok, Kolobok!
I was scraped up in the flour-tin,
Swept up from the corn-bin,
Mixed with sour cream into a bun
Baked in the oven till I was done,
Then left on the sill till I cooled some.
I ran away from Grandfather,
I ran away from Grandmother too,
And I'm sure I'll have no trouble, Rabbit, running away from you."
And off it rolled down the road, so fast that the Rabbit could only stare.

The Kolobok rolled down the road until it met a Wolf:
"Ah, Kolobok, Kolobok, I'll eat you now."
"Don't eat me, Gray Wolf. I'll sing you a song:
I'm Kolobok, Kolobok!
I was scraped up in the flour-tin,
Swept up from the corn-bin,
Mixed with sour cream into a bun
Baked in the oven till I was done,
Then left on the sill till I cooled some.
I ran away from Grandfather,
I ran away from Grandmother,
I ran away from the Rabbit too
And I'm sure I'll have no trouble, Wolf, running away from you."
And off it rolled down the road, so fast that the Wolf could only stare.

E.P.

The Kolobok rolled down the road until it met a Bear:
"Ah, Kolobok, Kolobok, I'll eat you now."
"Don't eat me, Bear. I'll sing you a song:
I'm Kolobok, Kolobok!
I was scraped up in the flour-tin,
Swept up from the corn-bin,
Mixed with sour cream into a bun
Baked in the oven till I was done,
Then left on the sill till I cooled some.
I ran away from Grandfather,
I ran away from Grandmother,
I ran away from the Rabbit
I ran away from the Gray Wolf too
And I'm sure I'll have no trouble, Bear, running away from you."
Again it rolled off down the road, so fast that the Bear could only stare.

The Kolobok rolled down the road until it met a Fox:
"Kolobok, Kolobok, where are you going."
"I’m just rolling along the road."
"Kolobok, Kolobok, sing me your song."
And the Kolobok began:
"I’m Kolobok, Kolobok!
I was scraped up in the flour-tin,
Swept up from the corn-bin,
Mixed with sour cream into a bun
Baked in the oven till I was done.
Then left on the sill till I cooled some.
I ran away from Grandfather,
I ran away from Grandmother.
I ran away from the Rabbit
I ran away from the Gray Wolf
I ran away from the big Bear too
And I’m sure I’ll have no trouble, Fox, running away from you."
"What a fine song. But, you know I am rather hard of hearing, Kolobok, be so kind as to sit on my nose and sing your song again, a little louder."
The Kolobok hopped onto the Fox’s nose and sang the song again a little louder.
But the fox said:
"Kolobok, be so kind as to sit on my tongue and sing your song just one more time."
The Kolobok hopped onto the Fox’s tongue and – snap! – The Fox gobbled it.

Kolobok

Russian Folk Tale

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